

THE CAMPAIGN OF LAST YEAR

in the Northwest, which, unlike the unrevealed secrets and possibilities of the 5th scene in a heavy tragedy on the boards of the Academy of Music, we all know already what the finale has been. And inasmuch as that is the case, I shall confine myself to a very few remarks and reminiscences of the campaign and of the comparatively easy part taken in it by the brigade which I have the honor to command. We left Montreal on the 11th May last, 300 strong, about the tallest and strongest and most soldierly-looking man in the regiment being the *chaplain*. A most excellent soldier was spoilt when he was made a minister. It was a fortunate thing for the people of St. Paul's that we were not called on our arrival at Winnipeg to go on immediately to the front, and then if we had got there to be lucky enough to get into action. The chaplain had only a penknife to defend himself or fight with, but he had, I always thought, a great hankering after one of my revolvers. If I had missed one I know that I should either have accused the chaplain of the robbery or a certain colored gentleman, though gold was more in his line than steel. He got my patent leather boots with the spurs for which he took them, but alas for Jumbo, they were only plated brass and not gold, as I have no doubt he has found out from the pawnbroker long ere now. Perhaps some of you thought, as he thought himself, that the first duty of the minister of the church was to his own congregation, and that he need not have come up with us. Well if, as he teaches you to do, you love your neighbor as yourselves, you doubtless love your country and have at least a kindly feeling for those who were willing to sacrifice much—home, comfort, means, life itself if necessary—for it. You may think I am exaggerating, but I am not. You would scarcely believe the amount of suffering caused by the prolonged absence from home of the breadwinners of so many families, notwithstanding the good work done by the charitable committees, to whom be all praise and to whom we return most hearty thanks. The men themselves felt anxious about those they had left behind, I know, and were cheered and comforted by the chaplain's kindly words and Christian counsel. He talked to them as a brother and a comrade, preached to them under most impressive circumstances, took hold of their affections by beating them at

putting the stone, tossing the caber and pitching into them most unmercifully for swearing! For myself and the officers and men of my brigade, I thank the people of St. Paul's church for giving us our chaplain, and if you lost a little by his short absence you have the satisfaction of knowing that the gain to others was great. Surely it was a Christian duty to look after the spiritual welfare of so many men, and I think the chaplain will agree with me when I say that a finer body of men it would be hard for any city to send out. Their conduct while they were away proved this, and they brought nothing but credit to the good city whose name is borne by the Brigade to which they belong. And talking of chaplains, let me say that

SOME OF THE NOBLEST MARTYRS' BLOOD

has been given to this Northwest Territory. Who can read without a shudder of the fearful tortures suffered by the Jesuit Fathers Brobeouf and Joques and others at the hands of the cannibal Iriquois, or of the foul murders of Fathers Marchand and Fafard in the recent war? Roman Catholics, you will say. Yes, but all the same men who suffered much and sacrificed their lives for the Christianization and civilization of the world. The missionaries of our Protestant church are few and far between in the Northwest. Good men and true they are, and their life is by no means a bed of roses. I happened to meet one at old Crowfoot's Blackfoot reserve—a man of education and culture, and eager in his arduous work of translating the Bible into the Blackfoot tongue, as well as doing good as opportunity offered. In order to show you the sort of persons he had to deal with I will tell you the answers he gave me to two questions I asked him incidentally. He gave us some preserved milk for our coffee. I said, how is it you have no fresh milk with such splendid pasture for a cow? Oh, he said, I had a cow, but it was no use keeping it. The Indians got up too early in the morning for me and milked it, so I killed it. I noticed a nice patch of potatoes growing and congratulated him on it. Yes, he said, they look very well, but I doubt if there are any potatoes really there, because, you see, they (the Indians) come over in the dark and pull away the biggest ones under the ridges and cover the ground over again, so that I never know if I have any potatoes at all until I dig up the stalks in the fall. Parkman tells of a dying Indian,